



Through the night haze and clear;
As angelic hosts brought the tidings of old,
Let now the glad news by thy deep tongue be
told.

O joy to the world,
Forget sorrow and fear!
The Christmas is here,
And the Christmas is here.

The morning has dawned,
And the Christmas is here;
Hand clasps brother hand,
Heart to heart draws near.

The income of peace fills the homes of the
land,
In God's house behold now a worshipping
band.

Because long ago
The dear Christ-child was born,
The sunrise to-day
Brings the world Christmas morn.

The evening shades gather,
Still Christmas is here;
Draw closer the curtains
While fire burns clear.

The joy of bestowing transfigures each face,
The heart is an altar, a thrice holy place.
O joy to the world,
Heaven's rapture appear!

The midnight draws on,
And the Christmas is here,
—Clara Louise Burnham, in Youth's Com-
panion.

MRS. CATHERWOOD'S CHRISTMAS.

It was a wild and blustering Christmas eve, and as Mrs. Catherwood sat in her room, she faced the stinging blast she half regretted that she had not given orders for her carriage to come for her.

The orphanage stood upon the outskirts of the town, and it was a long walk from there to her beautiful home, and yet she had lingered after the Christmas tree and the distribution of the gifts, while the other patronesses had hurried away to their home preparations for their own children.

At last, he exclaimed. Then catching sight of a furry bundle in her arms, he added: "In the name of common sense, what have you there?"

Mrs. Catherwood's lovely eyes were very bright, and there was an unusual flush upon her cheeks.

"My Christmas gift," she said, her heart, Mrs. Catherwood left the sleeping little one in a question upon her mind which she must decide clearly for herself before she could give her answer to another, and for that reason she had chosen to take this solitary walk.

In all probability that "other" was even now awaiting her in her own drawing room with all a lover's impatience.

Harold Whitney had been as Mrs. Catherwood's shadow for many months, and his attention had pleased and flattered her until she found that she could no longer keep him at arms' length.

The decisive question had been upon her lips the night before, when the entrance of another visitor had given her this short and welcome respite. But as he tenderly pressed her hand at parting, he had murmured: "Tomorrow at dusk I will come for my answer, for my priceless Christmas gift."

But was he the man to help her upward to the broader, nobler life for which she yearned, and which she found so hard to reach? Alas, she knew too well that all her higher aspirations would soon wither in his keeping; and yet—it was so sweet to be loved, and she was so alone!

A wilder gust of wind came rushing down upon her, and almost took her off her feet. She caught a low-hanging branch to steady herself, and at that moment she saw a tiny bareheaded child, hurrying, stumbling, actually blowing toward her, a helpless thing in the power of the boisterous blast.

Mrs. Catherwood put out her arms, as, frightened and exhausted, the little one dropped at her very feet. In an instant Mrs. Catherwood was kneeling over her. Unfastening her costly fur, she wrapped them around the little shivering form, and tied a handkerchief over the wind-tossed curls.

That the child had strayed away and was lost as was evident as that she was perishing with cold, and without an instant's hesitation, Mrs. Catherwood lifted her up and hastened upon her way.

This piercing cold which her warm furs had been kept from her now stung her keenly, and her arms ached under their unaccustomed burden; but the words: "One of these little ones!" "In My name!" "ye have done it unto Me!" seemed ringing in her ears, and awakened a new warm throbbing in her heart.

She hastily gained the town and found her way to the nearest chemist's, where the child was soon revived. Then, having sent a description of her to the police, Mrs. Catherwood carried the child away to her home, where she found her impatient suitor awaiting her.

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PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The speaker of the house—Most anybody's wife.—Philadelphia Record.

—An honest man is the noblest work of God; but many that pass as such are the products of the penal code.—Puck.

—We cannot tell how soon we shall have to leave this earthly sphere. Even the hours of a clock are numbered.—Yonkers Gazette.

—Is Jinks a poet? "No; just hard times; couldn't raise enough money to hire his hair cut."—Atlanta Constitution.

—Cats and several other animals have a false eyelid, which can be drawn over the eyeball, either to cleanse it or to protect it from too strong a light.

—Over 1,000 yards of linen cloth have been unrolled from one mummy. The cloth in texture resembles the cheese cloth of the present somewhat; it is finer in quality.

—He—"Do you think blondes have more admirers than brunettes?" She—"I don't know. Why not ask some of the girls who have had experience in both capacities?"—Life.

—Friend—"If your washerwoman charges by the piece, it must be rather expensive." Young Housekeeper—"O, no. She loses so many things that her bills are never high."—N. Y. Weekly.

—"My dear," said Mr. Kieckles, "you are, to say the least, very hard to please." "O, I don't know about that," she replied, "I married you, you know."—Washington Star.

—"How is your wife?" "Um, her head has been troubling her a good deal this year." "Sick headache?" "Not exactly. She keeps wanting a new hat every four weeks."—Il Corriere del Bagni.

—"Why do you make some of your dumplings smaller than others?" "Frugal habits." "Because my husband has been complaining lately of having too little change in his diet."—Unser Gesselschaft.

—"Too High.—Tom De Witt—"You didn't bow to Mr. Wyckoff." Kitty Winslow—"O, all flesh is grass," you know, and I thought that particular piece of grass needed cutting."—Detroit Free Press.

—Hecker—"The porter on our car took quite a fancy to me. In fact, he acted as though he wanted to come and live with me." Decker—"I suppose you mean he evinced a desire to share your quarters."—Smith, Gray & Co. Monthly.

—"She—"It is very nice to go to the theater, but you never take me along when you go." He—"Well, I'll take you with me to-night. There is a play on boards you ought to see."

—"What is it?" "The running of the Shrew."—Texas Sittings.

—"Fog—"But do you really think that fruit is healthful?" "Fog—"Of course it is. Look at the police officers who have fruit-peddlers' stands on their beats. Aren't they as healthy-looking as a set of men as you'll find anywhere?"—Boston Transcript.

—"No," mused Mr. Benedict, as he sat down to do some repairing on his clothes—"no, marriage is not a failure. When I was single it was an awful task to thread a needle. Now I have a wife and she threads it for me."—N. Y. Press.

—"Templary Patience"—He (at the typewriter) "What Law?" "What Law?" he waited. "She—"Quite the contrary; it is only six, and I did not intend to be here before seven." He—"Just so; but you have mistaken the day; I have been waiting here since yesterday."—Humoristische Blätter.

—"Bored to be miserable."—"It's a great thing," exclaimed the philanthropist, "a great thing." "What's a great thing?" asked the man who always kicks. "This reduction of the price of bread." "Yes," was the discontented rejoinder, "that's what I've heard a dozen men say. They don't realize that it's going to make the bread in a ham sandwich more out of proportion than ever."—Washington Star.

THE TRANSLANTIC MAILS.

Needless Expense Imposed by International Postal Laws.

A letter, however ill spelled and blotted, from a mother in Galway, is certainly a luxury when delivered in New York; but as a man can have only one mother, no American interest is injured by its arrival. And how many millions of American citizens have relatives in Europe, not only in the Emerald Isle, but in crowded English towns, on bleak Scottish shores, by the "castled crags" of the Rhine, along the stormy fens of Norway, on snow-mantled Russian steppes, high up the sides of the Swiss and Hungarian mountains, or in the remotest corners of America as Noah welcomed the ark that brought an olive leaf to the dove. "Thought is free." Nevertheless, correspondence with foreign countries is subject to direct and needless taxation by the United States government, in common with all the governments which have adhered to the postal union.

As is well known, the postage on a letter weighing one ounce, sent 3,000 miles from New York to Vancouver, a foreign town, is 2 cents; while the charge for sending a letter of half that weight 3,500 miles to another foreign town, Liverpool, is 5 cents. What is the reason for this difference? It cannot be the cost of conveyance, for railway freightage is higher than sea freightage. It cannot be that the letters sent to Europe prejudice American interests in any way. It cannot be the favorite (though as will presently be seen, unsound) argument of a British postmaster general, that the 5 cents then he could not hope the cost of putting one outgoing letter on board ship, but of delivering free a return letter, the postage on which has been received by a foreign government. For the postage to Canada (and I believe to Mexico) is but 2 cents, though letters coming from the Dominion (or Mexico) are equally taxed at the rate of 5 cents.

The real reason is that the majority of the postal union consists of poor, greedy states, which are not advanced enough to recognize the wisdom of facilitating international correspondence, and have therefore fixed the common union tariff as high as possible. It is intolerable that the vote of a mighty continent should count for no more than that of Serbia or Siam. Yet at the last postal union conference the American proposal to establish a common international stamp was rejected chiefly by the votes of insignificant reactionary states, with small interests at stake.—J. Henniker Heaton, M. P. in North American Review.

Proof Positive.

"Hah hah!" shouted the enthusiastic scientist. "I have discovered one thing in which the Chinese did not anticipate us."

"What is that?"

"Football. I can prove it by the way they wear their hair."—Washington Star.

—In view of the application of the treaty to canal traffic, it is interesting to recall what improvements were attempted on passenger transportation on American canals before railways seized this part of the business. Seth C. Jones, of Syracuse, built about sixty years ago an improved canal packet, designed to run from Syracuse to Buffalo, a distance of ninety-five miles, between breakfast and supper. The boat was drawn by horses, and on her trial trip, with forty or fifty passengers, she made nearly twelve miles an hour. It was asserted that going at this speed she created smaller waves and did less damage to the banks than other boats going at ordinary canal speed.

\$.50 to California.

Price of double berth in Tourist Sleeping Car from Kansas City on the famous Phillips-Stock Island Tourist Excursion, through Canada via Ft. Worth and El Paso, and Fridays via Santa Fe Route. Write for particulars to J. D. D. Bacon, G. A. P. D., 105 N. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

PEASANT (to chemist)—"Got any cod liver oil?" Chemist—"Certainly." Peasant—"Is it fresh?" Chemist—"Come, now, do you suppose we are any better than the others? A whole year a country yokel wants to buy two pennorth of cod liver oil!"—Meggendorfers Blätter.

A Child Enjoys.

The pleasant flavor, gentleness and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, is well known to all. It is a positive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best for all needs. It is pleasant and every family should have a bottle.

COURTESY—"When you proposed to Miss Doctor, did you tell her your name?" "No, I didn't." "Why not?" "She was sitting on the ground."—Truth.

DROPSY is a dread disease, but it has lost its terrors to those who know that H. H. Green & Sons, the Dropsy Specialists of Atlanta, Georgia, treat it with such great success. Write them for pamphlet giving full information.

A PAPER that is always full of good points—a paper of needles.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17, 1904.

CATTLE—Native Steers... 3 30 5 20
CATTLE—Middling... 3 30 5 20
CATTLE—Butcher... 3 30 5 20
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